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EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. ANN
WARDER.

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS SARAH CADBURY.

[Ann Warder, *née* Head, of England, was the wife of John, a son of Jeremiah and Mary Warder, of Philadelphia, who, in 1776, was settled in London as a shipping merchant, with a branch house in Philadelphia. After a lapse of ten years business called him to return to his native city for a visit, when he was accompanied by his wife and eldest son, Jeremiah, and, as it proved, the expected return to England for residence was never accomplished. From the time of her leaving home Mrs. Warder maintained a lively correspondence with her family, and during the first three years (1786-1789) she kept a diary detailing the social, domestic, and religious life of Friends in and near Philadelphia. From the stand-point of a foreigner many of their habits and customs impressed her as new and original and were noted for the edification of her only sister, Elizabeth. During the first year of their sojourn in Philadelphia they were the guests of her husband's widowed mother, whose house, on Third Street, opposite to Church Alley, was a centre of hospitality. At this time Mrs. Warder was about twenty-eight years of age, with attractive manners, sprightly disposition, and a fair share of beauty. Her husband died in 1828, and she one year later.]

1786.

6 mo. 6th.—[Bristol.¹] At dinner a violent shower detained us long, but the good horses and no stopping soon carried us the twenty miles [to Philadelphia] where mother [Mrs. Warder] Aunt Hooten (who had not been out of bed for a twelve month) her husband, cousin John Hooten, the four Parkers and sister Emlen were impatiently awaiting our arrival, which they were not at all apprised of 'till I got up stairs, when it would not be in my power to do justice to all the professed joy and affection shown me. It was one hour and a half before my dearest arrived owing to the fatigue

¹ We omit the records of the voyage to New York and the few days spent in that city and vicinity, and take up the narrative at Bristol, the last stop made before reaching Philadelphia.

of the poor cattle. My arrival had prepared dear mother for the pleasure she had so much anticipated—think then of her delight to see one who was always the darling, after ten years absence. The evening was spent with the family, sister Emlen, Billy and Sally Morris, and J. Fry. Uncle Head welcomed our arrival—my dear father's image without a wig and less vivacity. Nancy Emlen called but would not stop 'till John arrived. She is a sweet innocent, but never I think beautiful, and her dress did not appear so singular then as I had had represented; candle light made some things which were brown appear white—her mind appears to be a perfect symmetry of heavenly love.

6 mo. 7th.—I rested well in mother's best bed the room large and house spacious. Below are the shop and counting house in front; one large and one small parlor back, a delightful entry from the street to the yard. Up stairs is a good drawing room and three large chambers, with the same size cool passage, and in the best sitting room is Johnny's picture, which is an excellent likeness. After breakfast I hastily prepared to receive company which came in such numbers that I should have been quite tired out did not one frequently make their appearance whom I had before seen. We dined at mother's with only our own family, which fills a long table. I have mentioned those present except some of the younger branches—Lydia Parker, Nancy Webb, Sophia Mayberry (is here to receive her education), Nelly Parker, sixteen, (Dr. Foulke is said to court her), a pretty, sweet behaved girl. Becky is a dear little creature, about Sophia's age,—they have fine hair and wear no caps, but handkerchiefs close up to their throats with a frill around the neck, in which dress much inconsistency appears to me. At tea we had a good round party of cousins, but I am informed that not half have been here, most on the Head side.

6 mo. 8th.—Nancy Emlen called on her way to meeting; I was not dressed or believe I should have gone though several had appointed to call. The house as yesterday kept filling and emptying. Nancy returned and stayed to dinner

and 'till late in the evening. I was ready to envy her situation except the dress, which my poor mind must go through severe conflicts to submit to—all brown except her cap, which was coarse muslin without either border or strings. Her cousin Samuel who has been several times our visitant sat a good bit with us this afternoon. Supped at home Doctor Foulke and Jacky Fry with us—the latter not so forward in his matrimonial journey as I hoped—believe it is little more than a joke at present.

6 mo. 9th.—A crowded house began at 10 o'clock. Sometimes the recollection of you would make me ready to burst out with laughter, such new scenes are presented. Many in their own carriages have honored me with their company—Friends and others. Such a general use of fans my eyes never beheld, you scarcely see a woman without one, and in Winter I am told they visit with them as a plaything. Its impossible to attempt any description of all these at once, but as it is expected I should return all the visits each day, I hope that I may be as particular as thou wish. The close of evening presented a clear'd house, so we set out for the first time to Uncle Hooten's,—his wife a sister of mother Warder's. On our return found two of Dr. Foulke's sisters, the youngest a very pretty girl, which I at present think a rarity for those who are thought so here. I dare not mention it for fear of being thought envious or having too high an opinion of my own dear country. The family supped alone except dear Sister Emlen, whom I feel a singular love and pity for—with such a husband and so large a family.

6 mo. 11th.—In the forenoon went to Market Street Meeting which I think is full double the size of Gracechurch street. It has five doors, one each side the minister's gallery, near which I sit though much courted by beckoners to come under it, which I refused, though not without feeling some pleasure, as sister Hannah had given me a very different account of their Friends. We dined at dear uncle John Head's, for whom my heart is always filled with pleasure at seeing which happens pretty frequent, as the greatest sociability subsist in this place. He has by his first wife a

daughter married, with a large family. His second wife left him with three children. Uncle has not so much vivacity as our beloved parent in full health used to possess, and is now sixty two. At six went again to meeting, the day being so warm it was omitted in the afternoon. Returned home to supper when we met Brother and Sister Vaux with their only two children. The mode of dressing children here is not so becoming as with us, and I have scarcely seen a white frock since my arrival; their colored ones are very inferior to what we use, which with blue and yellow skirts and their necks entirely covered to preserve them, complete a dress very inconsistent with the mothers' appearance when from home, for not a woman has visited me but what was elegant enough for any bride. Indeed we could almost persuade ourselves that was the case from so much saluting—which is a practice here considerably out of use. A young girl esteems it an insult for a man to offer any such thing—the strictest delicacy subsists, beyond what I ever expected to find, particularly as they are more and much earlier exposed to men's company. Our family with the addition of my beloved friend Nancy Emlen supped together. She wore today a dark snuff colored Tabereen, but looked old and so awkward made that if her person was not so agreeable it would be disgusting—I mean the dress. She is not so handsome as Becky Gurney, but has all her sweetness of countenance with a taller and more agreeable person.

6 mo. 12th.—Breakfasted at home comfortably, but it would be more so if the family were more attentive to the summons. I arose at six o'clock and scrambled hard 'till ten, unpacking and setting my clothes to rights, which only arrived on seventh day evening. The certainty of company after that time obliged me to be ready for dining at brother Jerry's—such attention I had no idea was ever paid to strangers. Mother, Sister Vaux, and ourselves composed the party—at tea Sister Morris and little Fanny Vaux joined us. In the evening we took a nice walk, which gave me a clearer idea of the town, that it is in my opinion as far

superior to New York as Westminster to the city. The regularity of the streets and buildings with their entire plainness I much admire, scarce a house but the color resembles our Mark Lane Hall painting.

6 mo. 13th.—The forenoon as usual engaged with company. The family dined at Billy Morris's. We had a very genteel dinner, indeed I think from my present observation that people here are more superb in their entertainments than with us. Provisions of every kind are cheaper, but the greatest luxury is the abundance of fruit. We have pine-apples, strawberries, cherries, peas. We remained the evening 'till twelve o'clock, which doings we have been guilty of every night—supping late and chatting after; sometimes a walk after dark, which is much the practice here owing to the extreme heat of the day. I dread the increase about two months hence.

6 mo. 14th.—In the afternoon, the weather being cool, Johnny, sister Vaux and myself in a phaeton, and Billy Prichard and Sally Parker in a chair, took a ride of ten miles along the banks of the Schuylkill, with which I was much pleased. Several friends called in during the evening, which I find is occasioned by the intense heat of the Summer—they walk most after dark and sit much on their porches, which as a *mother* I think expose girls too early to the acquaintance of men.

6 mo. 16th.—Drank tea at Uncle Roberts, brother Jerry's first wife was his daughter; Richard Vaux also married another; she is destitute of beauty but an agreeable woman.

6 mo. 18th.—Being engaged to dine at Thomas Eddy's was induced to attend the meeting nearest their house, which being esteemed a cool one proved a double inducement. I dread the heat most where a number of people are gathered together. It was a pretty house called the Hill or Pine Street Meeting, not near so large as Market Street Meeting, but many friends were there who I knew from their attention in calling upon me. After tea returned home where we found Billy Parker and Harry Capper sitting at the door. At supper Dr. Foulke and Jacky Fry

joined us. People talk about Sally Parker and him. Girls run so thick and lads so thin that if two are seen together several times people will talk. We can't find any body in particular to joke Jerry and Dick about, they are attentive to all when thrown in their way, but engaged to none. Jerry says that in Winter the girls look so blooming by a good fire that he is induced to think about matrimony, and almost determined if they can stand the next Summer. Then the sultry heat discovers such poor relaxed, unhealthy constitutions that his resolutions vanish—they both talk of English wives in which more health, spirits and beauty are to be found than here. I told him our husbands are obliged to exceed theirs in obedience. He says that a good curtain lecture sometimes from a wife who would render herself at others lively and agreeable to him and his friends would be more bearable than lumps of dead or inanimate flesh. I have threatened the destruction of their pig tails before I will consent to introduce them as my nephews in our country, which they both acknowledge will be cheerfully resigned.

6 mo. 19th.—We early prepared for a country excursion—Johnny, myself, brother Jerry and sister Hannah, Lydia Parker, and Nelly, with Sally Moore, in a wagon. Sally Parker followed in a chair with a young widower, Jerry and Dick in another. We had a pleasant ride of four miles, and the novelty of the conveyance diverted me much. We met a considerable number, who with us, had received an invitation to partake of a fine turtle lunch given by Magnus Miller and George Emlen, a brother of Caleb's. His wife is the most English looking woman I have seen here. They keep their carriage but have little pride. Two of her sisters were also present, the youngest a pretty girl. We dined under an awning in the garden, and the day being beautiful, it was very pleasant. The sweetness of the evening urged us to enjoy the country 'till it began to close when we prepared to return. Our horses were so high spirited that I proposed to walk over a wooden bridge we had first to pass, the noise from which I feared would add to their desire to be moving,

however, Jerry was not willing and I never wish to look singular particularly in imaginary fears. Yet a few minutes led me to think I should have been better off following my own inclination. A woman meeting us her horse took fright and ran around several times striking ours which with the general screams amongst us at her danger frightened our spirited beasts when they began to rear and back that we feared we would be overturned into the water. The woman was soon thrown, but mercifully not into the stream, which would have prevented the possibility of our saving her. Brother Jerry was using every endeavor to restore her and I jumped out and ran back to my companions and met my husband, who was frightened at my condition. However the landlord of the Inn ran to the poor creature and brought back word that she was intoxicated and did not appear hurt. We were told that she was of a reputable family in the neighborhood but gave herself up entirely to the horrid practice and had met with similar misfortunes before. Hannah undertook to correct us for being so frightened and she preached the whole way home upon our folly which I answered in silence and was sorry the rest did not do the same. The noise of the back seat rattling from nobody being on it drowned her voice, and she begged somebody to move there, but I would not let them, as it was much more uneasy than the other seats.

6 mo. 20th.—After supper we set off for a walk—Jerry Parker ran into Jacky Fry's store and Sally who is just my sister mischievous and myself followed him, when finding the master from home we had no better fun than turning out his cupboard, laid a coat for a table cloth and decorated it with all we could find except his tea and sugar, which with five spoons we hid to trouble him for breakfast, he keeping bachelor's hall.

6 mo. 21st.—After a great hunt in vain Jacky came over and threatened hard if his materials for breakfast were not produced, so we were obliged to confess. Dined with Nicholas Waln's wife (he is in New England with John Townsend) and the company consisted of Sammy Emlen

and Nancy, Thomas Colley, Thomas Fisher and wife, Friend Beveridge and wife, Jesse Waln and wife, and a brother and sister of that name. We had a truly comfortable and agreeable visit. Friend Waln is a woman whose acquaintance will enrich any body, she is lively and sprightly, but much of the Friend and gentlewoman, and nothing in her dress or house or conduct bespeaks that gaiety we had been told in England she possessed. J. Townsend sent a letter to her by me asking for our intimate acquaintance and her earnest desire for which flatters me.

6 mo. 22d.—Went to weekday meeting at Market Street; after which shopping for white leather mitts—called in twenty stores before we succeeded. We dined at Miers Fisher's with Jerry, Dick, Lydia, Sally Parker, brother and sister Warder, Billy Rawle and wife, and a fine girl called their perfection of America, but she being dressed fantastical to the greatest degree and painted like a doll, destroyed every pretention to beauty to my view. She was a remarkable sensible woman, but too well knew it and was wonderfully affected. Miers Fisher and wife are truly agreeable, observing the strictest gentility with the Quaker. Sammy with an old maid sister called upon us after tea on purpose to see me and he also took care of me home, which is thought such a favor for him.

6 mo. 24th.—Old John ——'s wife and daughter, sister Hannah and her sister drank tea with us—so much stuff as usual when the former is present upon dress and gentility as made me almost cross, and I told her it seemed her first, last and only concern, that I never met any body who thought so much of that nonsense in my life before. It is a pity, for her great vanity and foolish conversation renders her company much less pleasing than it would otherwise be.

6 mo. 25th.—Went to Market street meeting morning and evening, the violent heat preventing my expecting to profit in the least by going in the afternoon; indeed without the frequent use of fans we must be melted down. Our meetings were large, particularly in the evening, when Thomas Colley and many other public Friends were present. One

woman Friend appeared in supplication and whilst she was speaking Betsy Roberts (Nancy Vaux's sister) walked into the gallery and knelt down, and as soon as the first had finished, began very loud. Last first day evening there were three followed each other in that manner, and I could not help being struck with their appearance both having drab silk gowns and black pasteboard bonnets on; brown is thought gayer, so much for custom. To see an old man stand up with a mulberry coat, nankeen waistcoat and breeches with white stockings, would look singular in England. My cap is the admiration of plain and gay, and had I that which I wore some years ago many would have asked for the pattern. They all wear a round one the border drawn close to the face without a pleat piece, some plain others quilled with narrow ribbon puffed—a consistency is wanted, their bonnets are more Friendly and gowns less so.

7 mo. 2d.—I summoned resolution to go out for the first time [since news of death of her child] to meeting this forenoon, which seemed a favored one. In the afternoon got a little nap to fit me for meeting in the evening. I rejoiced in attending, partly on account of a minister whom I thought exceeded most I ever heard and my mind from affliction seemed humbled, which no doubt was contributed by the comfort of his testimony which was long and eloquent. After meeting Charles Eddy's mother pitied my distress and begged me to sit a little 'till the Friends had dispersed, when another friend came up to me too and requested to speak with me a few minutes. When we retired I found her business what I little expected. She had been told of my getting a whalebone bonnet and the idea of my being persuaded to alter in dress had much distressed her and she begged I would be cautious. I told her I had not the most distant idea there was any difference in their plainness provided the pattern did not vary, but my mind was too much agitated then. However, I afterwards determined rather than give any one pain I would save the one which was really made to take home instead of getting another,

that had been my intention, for in neatness of work they much exceed ours.

7th mo. 3d.—This day I accomplished more needlework than almost altogether since my arrival, for with one engagement or another I could scarce get more done than making caps and mending stockings, and that with some difficulty. My husband had a mind for a thin napping gown for coolness, so after dinner I began one and with a little help finished by evening. For my own part I have made no alteration in my dress on account of the weather, though sometimes I have felt a good deal oppressed, yet resolution would not let me wear short gowns, which are common here.

7th mo. 5.—About six this morning we departed to meet our companions Sammy and Hetty Fisher at the house where we dined on the turtle, where we also met two of their sisters in a phaeton driven by Sammy Emlen, who will drive with us a few miles. At Darby we breakfasted and then proceeded sixteen miles further to another village where we dined. The roads in many places were dreadful and upon the whole did not come up to my expectations. About twelve miles further on we perceived Robert Valentine in a farm yard which induced us to turn in—he was glad to see us. His habitation is humble and lonely, although on a high road. We retired to bed at 9 o'clock.

7th mo. 6th.—The night proved tempestuous, and the threatening morning prevented our going to meeting, for which we were rather glad as the men did not return until five in the evening owing to the bad roads. After dinner their nearest neighbor called [J. Baldwin, about half a mile distant] and pressed us to go over there. Johnny, Sammy Fisher and myself returned with him to tea. I could scarce help laughing at his curious questions about London and thou can'st not conceive how he admired me for my speech and appearance, the latter so different to what he expected an Englishwoman made. "Is it possible," said he, "thou should be so much of a Friend and come from London." We returned home in the evening after viewing all their

curiosities, among which a milk house with a stream of fresh cold water running through it, in which every thing is kept fresh and cool.

7th mo. 7th.—After breakfast took leave of our worthy friend, rode about four miles 'till we arrived at a habitation which plainly indicated the innocent simplicity of the owner, Cadwalader Jones. We roamed about his plantation at will, and I could not help supposing that everything grew spontaneous. The hedges are all fruit trees of various kinds—apples, mulberries, with grape vines, raspberries, and many other things which succeed each other. The house was truly neat, but as usual undecorated by paint. We had a good dinner, but what is more a hearty welcome. After I had a short nap we departed to tea at Thomas Lightfoot's, where we met again that comfortable salutation in every countenance, a hearty welcome from Thomas, and I felt much at home. We supped and retired early according to the custom of the country. The house is large and rendered much more neat by a little white paint. During the troubles, the Americans made it an hospital, when the family were restricted to one room—the Doctors and officers occupied the others, the poor men were laid in the barn and stables where many died. Out of respect to Friend Lightfoot they would not bury them on his land, but the next neighbor's.

7 mo. 8th.—We rested well in a clean, white bed, and before breakfast we walked through a grove where the American officers used in fine weather to dine in. We resumed our journey early, but the way being thought bad and difficult to find our good host accompanied us through woods and little used paths never frequented by such a carriage as ours. At length we arrived safe at our looked for haven, Pottstown, after driving through a river as broad but not so deep as the Thames. Our oldest sister lives here, who we have not yet seen. When the chaise drove up brother Thomas Mayberry was sitting at the back door pulling on his boots to go out, and little imagining who we were, called he was coming. However, Johnny and myself stepped up to him, and it was long before believing it was us, and in confirma-

tion of his joy he ran to sister, and soon called us to follow him. After the first pleasure of meeting was a little over, she left to provide for our dinner and I to changing my clothes, and I soon felt comfortable after an hot and dirty ride, and set to work making up a cap, mending my shoes and turning my bonnet.

7th mo. 9th.—It being First Day two Friends called on their way to Meeting which is a little distance off. It is very small, not more than twenty Friends, whose zeal did not keep them more than an hour.

7th mo. 10th.—The forenoon being warm I sat with my needle contemplating the place, which though quite a village appears to me more dull, than those who live entirely on their own delightful farms. Brother and sister are exceedingly kind—he is a little fat, short, good tempered, cheerful man; she has the great personal resemblance of the family and seems a sincere hearted woman. We rode to tea, at Friend Rutter's, where was much genteel neatness displayed. Company arriving from Philadelphia we took leave early and walked home by the banks of the river Schuylkill, which was rurally delightful.

7th mo. 11th.—After breakfast we set out with brother and sister to Vaux Hill, which after a pleasant ride we reached before noon, and were received with much joy by our brother and sister, also Richard Vaux and wife with little Molly Warder who is on a visit there. The situation is delightful, much cleared land about the house, with a distant view of the woods and river. We roamed through a sweet wood to a mill dam where we found a man fishing. I was induced to try my success and caught several cat-fish, which we feasted on at supper.

7th mo. 12th.—Early after breakfast Richard Vaux and Molly Warder set off, for we could not persuade them to wait until after dinner. The day was sultry and close, and about three o'clock we started for Philadelphia. We had a delightful ride to within 7 miles of the city by six o'clock when we stopped for tea and to bait our poor horse, and at 7 o'clock resumed our journey and reached home in safety

and were received by visible joy on every face. Having a headache from the heat and fatigue we retired early to bed.

7 mo. 16th.—My spirits somewhat depressed this forenoon, which were rather increased by mother telling me that Sister Morris and Emlen thought I rather slighted them by my few visits, and conscious that every moment of my time seemed too much engaged with such trifles, I could not help weeping which did me good. We went to Bank Meeting, which was a favored one, where William Savery long addressed us in such a lively manner I scarce ever heard; indeed he is a wonderful man and though wrong to follow preachers I would like to more frequently attend his meetings.

7 mo. 17th.—Dear Uncle Head called this morning with whom I had much private conversation respecting Nelly [Parker] and the Doctor [Foulke], my husband having previously given him our sentiments about the matter. This afternoon the whole family drank tea with Sister Morris, so I now feel at liberty to begin afresh with visiting more distant connections—the idea of being obliged to without giving offense, proves to me a burden in such very warm weather.

7 mo. 19th.—This afternoon we put in execution a ride which had been proposed some days with Abijah Davis, who drove his wife's niece Sally Gilpin in a chair, Sally Davis and Tommy Fisher's wife went with Sammy Emlen in his phaeton, Johnny, Jerry and myself in Uncle Head's chaise, Lydia and Nelly Parker with Jacky Head and Sally with Jacky Fry to a rural situation which they call Harrowgate, where there is shower baths and a water similar to ours of the same name, so nauseous tasted that I must be very sick to submit to drink it. We all had a comfortable dish of tea and after a pleasant ride returned home.

7 mo. 20th.—Went to meeting with Nelly and my dear Nancy Emlen, who called as she frequently does to sit with me, and her presence commands a love and respect I can scarcely describe. After meeting we called upon several Friends who I am obliged to visit contrary to my inclination on account of the weather.

7 mo. 22d.—The intelligence of the death of Robert Valentine at first was rather a shock to me, and I felt a particular inclination to attend his funeral, though Johnny could not accompany me. I walked to Uncle Head's whose daughter Sukey, Billy Sansom and cousin John proposed setting out after dinner. I then walked to my fellow travelers before and found Hessy not able, but Sammy [Fisher] willing to take me, which rejoiced me, because he has a steady horse and knows the road. I returned to dine and about three o'clock we set out and got to Darby so near tea time that our cousin Parker insisted on our stopping, after which we set forward again, and learning that the friend with whom we expected to spend the night was too near, led us to fix on the Paoli Tavern which we reached at half past nine. After a good dish of coffee we retired to bed and I early to sleep, but my companion Sukey Head did not get much as she imagined mice were in the room.

7 mo. 23d.—At four o'clock we were aroused and got up just as day was breaking. We had twelve miles to go which we accomplished before seven. Billy and Sukey went to the burial house, but Sammy and I concluded to stop at Joshua Baldwin's, where I dressed for meeting and got breakfast, and then walked over to the house. We sat in the room with the corpse, whose features looked just as when alive—he was laid in one of his own shirts with a sheet first put into the coffin, which looked much more natural and comfortable than our woolen except his having no cap on, that I never remember seeing before. Afterwards we walked to Friend Baldwin's where we got our chaise and departed for the meeting [Uwchlan] two miles distant. We concluded to leave the multitude, not less I believe than five hundred and mostly on horseback, and take another route. I never saw the like, full half appeared to be women who are here very shiftable if they have a good creature,—which is what all in this part of the country call horses,—they ride by themselves with a safeguard which when done with is tied to the saddle and the horse hooked to a rail, standing all meeting time almost as still as their riders sit. The carry-

ing of the corpse I did not like, as it was only corded on to a thing like the bottom part of a single horse chaise, which is the general mode here when the distance is too far for shoulder [carriers] except that a box in the shape of a coffin is fixed and the corpse slipped in. The burying ground adjoined the meeting house and dear Robert with solemnity was interred, and after standing a few minutes at the grave, we all went in. I walked towards the upper end but seeing no room returned and sat within five benches of the door, which my friend Thomas Lightfoot seeing came out of the gallery and handed me up to the top. I reluctantly walked with him, and though room was made I felt so conscious of being higher than I ought to be, entirely among the cloth hats, that I beg'd to return with the excuse that I would be cooler. We had a very long but comfortable meeting, and several Friends spoke, but we were so disturbed by a troublesome man that he was led away by four Friends, but he made such a noise that we heard him for a long time. When meeting was over he came again into the yard and held forth among us 'till all were dispersed. We dined at Cadwalader Jones's where were three Friends besides ourselves. At nine o'clock we retired as I was rather tired from getting up so early.

7th mo. 24th.—Arose about seven o'clock and after a very comfortable breakfast left our esteemed friends. We dined at cousin Mendenhall's, and then set out for Darby which we reached by tea time, continuing on homewards where I found my dearly beloved was walking the street with an impatient hope for our arrival. He with the rest of the family were just returned from the interment of Uncle Roberts who died on first day morning.

7th mo. 25th.—Our cousin Sukey Trotter is the youngest daughter of uncle Hooten and has so great a personal resemblance to Nancy Capper that I delight to look at her. She is married to a butcher, (a profession Friends follow here), who is remarkably short, fat and a good tempered looking man and everything about the house so plainly indicated a happy connection that I felt truly comforted.

While out visiting met William Savery the Friend with whose ministry I am afraid of being too much captivated with, standing at his door, and after a short conversation was convinced he was a man whose conduct consisted with his profession. Called a few minutes at Uncle Hooten's, when Billy Trotter and Hannah went to supper with us, as also sister Emlen whose husband has been away several weeks and it might be happy if he would never come home again, though perhaps she don't think so.

7th mo. 26th.—Lydia Parker accompanied my husband and self to dinner at Samuel Pleasants, who with his wife appears a worthy Friend, but very genteel, have a large family of children, their oldest daughter reckoned the most genteel girl in the city, which I really think she deserves. Two of friend Pleasant's sisters were there, both widows, and each had their daughters Molly Rhoads and Sally Pemberton, and though the former is esteemed something extraordinary, I think she will bear no comparison with either of her cousins. We had a pleasant entertainment, which I find customary with all I have at present visited—carried to a greater excess than with us.

7th mo. 29th.—We dined today at sister Morris's and had a favorite dish of which I have not before tasted since my arrival (a nice little pig); we also had for the first time a good watermelon, (about which the natives of this country talk much about), and which in hot weather tastes like sweetened snow.

8th mo. 2d.—Prepared for a grand visit to John Clifford's, a brother of Tommy and his wife a sister of Billy Rawle, (who are here esteemed by some the Superior Male and Female for understanding in the city). We were invited for three o'clock and about that time when starting I perceived a coach coming (it having rained hard) and expressed a wish it might be for us, and so truly it proved. On our arrival we were ushered by John Clifford up stairs to a smart drawing room (not very common here) where was his wife, his own sister, Edward Shoemaker, Billy and Sally Rawle, Polly and Debby Foulke and Isaac Wharton. John Clifford

is a stout, good tempered looking man; his wife a little woman but a great talker, has much affectation in her manners which is disagreeable at first acquaintance and she has the reputation for wearing the breeches, but whether deserved or not I cannot tell. But one thing I observed, it was necessary that somebody should take the petticoat. Tommy and Johnny's sister is a good tempered happy looking creature and I understand Elliston Perot had a mind for her but she refused him on account of not being in the Society. He is now about coming in and being married to a sister of Billy Sansom's. Isaac Wharton is an old bachelor, but thinking of a change in that despicable state, with Peggy Rawle, a sister to Billy. We sat in expectation of the good summons, some of us being hungry, above an hour, when we were called to a dinner much resembling what we have had several times before—chickens, ducks, mock Turtle, Ham, with plenty of vegetables—after which the cloth was cleared, followed by pastry of various sorts and a Floating Island for the middle of the table, and fruits. At the end Dr. Foulke joined the men when we left them to enjoy their pipes and own talk 'till tea was served one hour later at 8 o'clock. We left in the coach at nine o'clock.

8th mo. 5th.—Went to Dr. Bass's with cousin Lydia Parker and my Jerry, Sally, Nelly and Sophia Mayberry, where we met a hearty welcome and I much delighted, as the place reminded me more of England than any I have seen. The house looked neat and genteel, light and airy, a gravel walk led up to it and a pretty garden laid out with taste, which is unusual here—We had a comfortable dish of Tea on the lawn and afterwards walked to a thicket to gather Blackberries which are far superior to ours. I would like to roam over the place did I not get into my head the fear of snakes, which though very rare so near to the city I cannot help apprehending. There was a woods here early in the war, but the large trees were all cut down.

8th mo. 8th.—After meeting went to Aunt Emlen's to drink tea and while there was called to see a black's burial, who is reputed to have conducted himself with great reputation and

was a man of some consequence. Six men walked first, then the corpse was carried by four of the most agreeable looking negroes I ever saw, being well dressed and appeared to be like men of property. Next followed fifty women, in couples, then one hundred and sixty men, then ninety-six more women, and about forty of our Friends brought up the rear, which would look very singular with us, but is common here for them to attend all church burials. Before we could get there the parson's services were ended, when he stepped back a little to make room for our ministers two of whom appeared. William Savery was as usual delightful, which many of them acknowledged with a loud Amen, and one exclaimed "Amen! saith my soul with thankfulness for such a sermon." Few of our clergymen would admire this, but here they think nothing of it so they have the first preference and get the pay.

8th mo. 11th.—Mother, Tommy and Becky, Johnny and me with our dear boy dined at Morris's in honor of my wedding day [10th inst. the date], that she much wished spent there. We had an English dinner, fish, roast beef, plum pudding and pies, all very good, which indeed everything is always here, for Billy is provider and I call him a little of an epicure. At three o'clock we ate a fine watermelon. Drank tea with friend Gilpin.

8th mo. 12th.—Lydia Parker accompanied me to old friend Eddy's, who was much pleased to see us. Two grand daughters met us named Marshall, the oldest engaged to Dr. Casper Wister, who they are daily expecting from England. She appears a very amiable girl. I was much pleased with a softness and delicacy in her manners, without any affectation.

[From Eighth month 16th to Eighth month 23d the diarist and her husband, Sally Emlen, Tommy Fisher, George Emlen, Sally Fisher, son and daughter, and Sally Gilpin were visiting Bethlehem, Easton, Nazareth, Christian Spring, Reading, and Pottsgrove. At the latter place Mrs. Warder remained with the Mayberry family, spent a week with the Vaux family, and returned to Philadelphia Ninth month 17th.]

(To be continued.)